

*An Advertisement to the Reader.*

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# EXAMINATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND THE TRUE MOTIVES OF THAT NOTORIOUS COUNTERFEIT AND IMPOSTOR FULLY DISCOVERED AND PUNISHED Before the LORDS and COMMONS of England, for the publick Satisfaction of the whole KINGDOM

**O**F all the Cheats, Frauds, and Impositions put upon Mankind, since *Miles Calis* were set up, and Ador'd for Gods, the World can hardly parallel this Thorough Impostor, obtruded upon the Imperial Crown of England for the Enslaving of a Nation.

The Arts, the Labour, the Plottings, and Cabals (as shall be here made true) and indeed all the Engines and Engines set at Work, through the whole Management, are such a complicated Mass of Villany, as cannot be repeated without Horror and Astonishment: Considering not only the Impudent falsifying with Men, whilst their mistaken Homage and Veneration, due only to the Imperial Sacred Blood of Princes, has been extorted from them, and paid to Dirt and Rubbish; but also the prevaricating even with God himself, whilst publick Pray-

ers and solemn Thanksgivings, and all, are but so many meer mock Oblations have been made so considerable, and indeed so shameful a part of the Paganism.

When we read the dreadful *Asa's* pronouncement against the general Cause of Hypocrites, to what faithful Apprehensions of the more than common Bolts and Vials of Divine Wrath, due to the unexampled Authors and Com-plotters of so amazing a Delusion, must our serious Reflections lead us? A Delusion so truly Tremendous, that the fatal Consequences of it, (had not the Hand of Providence been even a miraculous Deliverer) were almost unimaginable. For Instance:

After Heaven had Commission'd the great *Henry* Earl of *Richmond*, (afterwards *Henry* the Seventh) to Execute its own particular Mandate, in the Death of the Bloody *Rich-*

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and the Third; a Tyrant, that had himself been the Executioner of King *Henry the Sixth*, (that Innocent Prince) with his own hands, the contriver of the Death of the Duke of *Clarence* his Brother, and the Murderer of his Nephews, the two young Princes *Edward* and *Richard* in the Tower (one of them his Lawful King) by the Hands of his Ruffians and Hirelings: The Uniting of the *White Rose*, and the *Red* (a Dispute that had so often cost so much English Blood) by the Marriage of the King, the Heir of the *Lancastrian*, and *Elizabeth* of the House of *Tork*; seem'd to have laid a lasting Foundation for the future Peace of *England*. Nevertheless, as restless Spirits, and Ambitious Minds, are never wanting to disturb the Quiet, even of the most *Haleys* Reign; it is almost impossible, even in the highest Dispersations of Humane Blessings, and a National Felicity, to have all Men satisfied.

*Henry* upon his Accession to the Crown, by a State Jealousie, a natural Disease in Crown'd Heads, had taken *Edward Plantagenet*, Son and Heir of *George Duke of Clarence*, a Male Remnant of the House of *Tork*, formerly by King *Richard's* Commandment, detained in in safe Custody, in a Castle in *Tork-shire*; and kept him close Prisoner in the Tower.

The severity used to this young Prince begat a publick Rumour, that King *Henry* was copying after his Predecessor *Richard's* Original, and that this Princely youth had either already run the Fate of the poor Lamented young Princes before Murdered there, or at least that he was speedily threatned with the same untimely End.

However this popular Impression was not so Universal, but another part of mankind, were of an Opinion in the contrary extrem, viz. that even young *Edward*, and his Brother *Richard*; both, or at least one of them were alive still; notwithstanding the known Barbarity of their Inhumane Uncle *Richard*: Nor was their Credulity in that point so much to be wonder'd at; that two young

Princes privately Butcher'd within the Tower, only by four Assassins, might in the popular Faith be believed alive still: When a later Unfortunate Gentleman, that lost his Head at Noon day, upon the open Tower-hill, before Four times Four thousand Eye-witnesses, can hardly be believed Dead yet.

At this time (as indeed at all times) there was a subtle Priest (for such they most are) call'd *Richard Simon*: This Priest had to his Pupil, a youth of about 15 years of Age, Named *Robert Simnel*: by his Original, Born of the Body of a Baker's Wife, and possibly begotten so, by the honest Pye crust-Raiser the Baker; though in reality so well favour'd, and of that extraordinary Dignity, and Grace of Aspect, as probably might Entitle him to some more Gentleman like Elevation: then the courser Veins of his reputed Father, the Drudg at the Oven could give him. But of the more sure Mother side, Dame *Simnel* more certainly claim'd her maternal propriety in him.

It came into this Priest's Fancy (as Embroyling of Kingdoms are seldom out of their Fancies) to set up this Lad, for a Prince of *Wales*, or a Duke of *Tork*; either for the first or second Son of King *Edward the Fourth*, before Murdered; though by Vulgar Tradition received for Living. This projection was first Hammered, and resolved upon; but an Accident happening, made him change his first measures, and afterwards designed him to personate *Edward Plantagenet*, the above-named present Prisoner in the Tower. And why? because about this time a General Bruit arose, that *Edward Plantagenet* had prevented King *Henry's* Bloody purpose, by an Escape from the Tower; and thereby finding him so much beloved amongst the People, and such rejoicing at his reported Deliverance, the cunning Priest changed his first Copy; the young *Plantagenet* being more in the present Speech, and Votes of the People; and so it pleas'd better, and followed more close and handsomely to appear a *Plantagenet*, after a

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Resurrection from so many Years lying Buried in Prison walls; then an *Edward*, or a *Richard* now almost forgotten.

Accordingly the Ghostly Prince-maker, big with wonderful hopes of preferment, by the Idol he resolved to set up, expecting to be a Bishop at least, if his Game was once play'd out; began to instruct his young Pupil, in all the magisterial Graces and Behaviours of his intended Sovereignty, and what by his own, and the Queen Dowagers Assistance, from whom this Action had the principal source and motion; they held the Book so well, and and so prompted him in the whole Stage-play, that they equipt him for a compleat true Royal-Born immediately; and furnisht him with all and all manner of Answers fitted to all Questions and Interrogatories.

And indeed there was very good Reason for a more than ordinary care and caution, in acting so critical a part. For alas, our new made Prince was not to personate one that had been long before taken out of his Cradle, or conveyed away in his Infancy, and so almost unknown, or at least forgotten, but a youth that till the Age of almost Ten years, had been brought up in a Court, where infinite Eyes had been upon him.

However as bold a Masquerader as this Attempt would make him, the Hazard shall be no Barr to the Design. For that enterprise must be very hardy indeed, where the Forehead of a Priest shall redden at the undertaking.

However, for the fore-mentioned Reasons it was not thought convenient that he should make his first Entry upon the *English* Stage, lest the too curious *English* Opticks, should pry a little too narrowly, and too near into the Disguise; and therefore 'tis Decreed to give him his first start in *Ireland*; where not only the distance would give Credit to the Figment, but also the strong Bent of the *Irish* Inclination to the House of *York*, would yield him the more favourable Countenance and Reception.

Accordingly our Priest, and his Imperial Nurrling, Embark'd for *Ireland*; where he no sooner Landed, but all things were so ready prepared for Revolt and Mutiny (the Natural Dissemper of the Cline) as if his Success and Tryumph, had been the Study, not the Lottery of his good Fortune: all things seemed Plotted before hand. *Simons* First Address was to the Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, before whose Eyes, and *Irish* Understanding, our Prince-look'd Puppett cast such a Mist, as joyn'd perhaps with some inward Vapours of Ambition, left him fully posselt that it was the true *Plantagenet*. The Deputy communicated the Matter to the *Irish* Nobles, and finding their Pulles beat so exactly with his own, they resolv'd to take a taste of the Peoples Inclinations. But if the more Noble *Irish* *Grandeas* were in so much forwardness, no wonder that the meaner *Teagues*, whose thinner Sould *Dear Joys*, were all Fury and Transport: Insomuch, that with a marvellous consent and applause, this counterfeit *Plantagenet* was brought with great Solemnity to the Castle of *Dublin*, and there Saluted, Served, and Honoured as King, and in a few Days after Proclaimed in *Dublin*, by the Name of King *Edward* the Sixth; there being not one Sword drawn in King *Henry's* Quarrel.

The King alarm'd with this unexpected Accident, amongst several other Councils, to Ward against this growing Danger, caused the true *Edward* to be releas'd from his long Confinement, and shew'd in the most publick manner that could be devised to disabuse and sedate the mistaken part of Mankind, and convince them of their Error and Fei zy and thereby expose the Levity and Imposture of the proceedings in *Ireland*. Hereupon the true *Plantagenet* was upon a Sunday brought throughout the principal Streets of *London*, to be seen of the People; and from thence in Solemn procession conducted to *St. Pauls* Church; the King having taken care, that those of the Nobility that he most suspected,



as also those that knew the person of *Plantagenet* best, should hold Communication with the Young Gentleman by the way; which in effect much marred the *Irish* Pageant with the Subjects here. Nevertheless in *Ireland* it wrought little, or rather no effect at all; but on the contrary, what with their *Irish* Intellects, and *Irish* Impudence together, they turned the Imposture back upon the King; audaciously charging him with tricking up a false *Plantagenet*, to Defeat the true Inheritor.

The Rebels in *Ireland* continuing still obstinate to Reason, so privily transacted with several English Nobles, as to draw them off to their party. But that which chiefly supported the Reputation of this Impostor, was the countenance it received from *France*, from the Lady *Margaret* of *Burgundy*, the most inveterate Enemy of the *Lancastrian* Family. The Earl of *Lincoln*, with others the Confederate English Lords retiring into *Flanders*, and succoured with some Thousands of Forces from the Lady *Margaret*, immediately Embark for *Ireland*, where upon this new accession of Power, the *Irish* proceed to Crown their new King in the Cathedral Church of *Dublin*; and after several Debates, it was resolv'd to Transport their Army, and assert His Right, and make Their Fortunes in *England*.

In the mean time the King of *England* finding the Impostors cause upheld by such powerful Abettors, provides and prepares accordingly, by making Levies suitable to oppose so formidable an Enemy.

The *Irish* in the mean time, headed by their Lord Deputy, the Earl of *Lincoln*, the Lord *Lowell*, &c. Landed at *Fouldrey* in *Lancashire*; and from thence took their March towards *York*; but were much deceived in their Expectation of the Countries Concourse to them; nevertheless they resolved to give the King Battle, being now past Hopes of a Retreat.

The King and his Party with all alacrity, came to the Decision upon the Plains near *Newark*; where the Battle was on both sides desperately fought. Nevertheless the Divine Providence was pleased to carry Victory to the Rightful Cause. The Kings Conquest was compleat; nor did the *Irish* and their Allies fail in Courage or Fierceness: These dyed upon the place all the Chieftains of the Rebels, viz. the Earl of *Lincoln*, Earl of *Kildare*, *Francis* Lord *Lowell*, *Martin* *Swart*, commander of Two thousand *Almain*; all dying without giving Ground. Of the *Irish* fell 4000, and amongst the Prisoners taken, was the Counterfeit *Plantagenet*, now plain *Lambert* *Simnell* again, and the crafty Priest his Tutor. As for *Lambert*, the King disdained to take his Life, both out of magnanimity, as taking him but as an Image of *VVax*, that others had tempered and moulded; and also as much out of policy, as thinking by his Execution he would be forgotten too soon; but being kept alive would be a continued Subject of the peoples Laughter and Derision, and consequently a kind of Spell, or Antidote against all future Frenies and Insatiations. For which Reason he very prudently took him into service in the Court, and posted him in the Office of a Scullion in the Kings Kitchen. Thus by a Caprice of Fortune, poor *Simnel* comes from wielding a Scepter to turning a Spit; where behaving himself a quieter Subject, then he had reigned a Prince, he had the Honor afterwards to advance to the preferment of one of the Kings Falconers.

The overthrow of such a Villanous Imposture, was that National Deliverance, as is not a little worthy the *English* Remembrance; and the same sort of Artifices and Machinations form'd and practised in this present Age, we have just Reason to believe, by the same over-ruling Providence are and shall be as fully, and as happily detected, frustrated, and defeated.

with Allowance,

